

"joined in one, which was so vigorously opposed by King
 "Saul, there have been affinities between boy and boy, girl
 "and girl, which have resulted in a strong friendship, which,
 "if it were opposed, yet would stand the test, and if denied
 "public recognition, yet would live as a potent factor in life.
 "Of this at least be sure: no disbelief, no ridicule, no
 "checking will prevent the sailing of the ship of friendship.
 "We cannot choose the friends—that is outside our depart-
 "ment as the parent altogether. Our children's proper
 "affinities can only be recognised—can only be found—by
 "themselves. In the great market-place of the world friend-
 "ship and marriage must be dealt with first hand, with the
 "aid of no intermediary. We must leave 'the choice' alone
 "for ever."

Further, our co-education schools are giving a great impetus to the breaking down of what has seemed hitherto an impassable barrier—friendship between man and woman. They work together and they play together—their interests are all in common; and we have advanced since the Olympic and tournament days, when the men played, and the women looked on when they were asked! And as men and women more freely mix together, so we shall increase the channels for the tide of humanity; for Cicero truly said, "Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our grief."

The freer and wider intercourse we give the children, the less risk will there be of "undesirable friendships," though I think they are more a bogey than a reality, and children, if they make one such, discover and dissolve it of their own free will. They must experiment in this as in other things, and experience is sometimes a painful teacher. There is nothing we could wish for them more than to realise—

"When jaded with rush and glare of the interminable hours,
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
 When our world-deafened ear
 Is by the tones of a loved one caressed—
 A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again."

G. E.

NORMANDY IN SEPTEMBER.

London, Brighton, Newhaven, Dieppe, Rouen to Caux, St. Valéry-en-Caux, Fécamp, Etretat, and Havre by rail, or Rouen to Havre by boat (*a*), Honfleur or Trouville, by boat or rail, Villers-sur-Mer, Beuzeval, Dives-Cabourg, Caen, Evreux, Paris, Louviers, Les Andelys, Rouen, Dieppe, Newhaven, Brighton, London, or vice versâ. First Class, £3 17s. 4d.; Second Class, £2 18s. 4d.; available for one month.

A calm morning and drizzling rain promises a smooth sea passage for the sensitive sea traveller. Such a day we started from Victoria, taking additional comfort from the report of two newspapers, "Irish Sea and English Channel smooth." But alas! the papers do not always tell the truth; and in a very little time we were fully convinced of this. Newhaven was looking its dullest gray, and numbers hurried below before we started, and there were many who stayed on deck whom we wished below long before the voyage was half over.

Personally I am a prey to fear of drowning, and never feel the qualms of *mal de mer*.

To be precise: We had taken circular tickets from Cook's, and with these we could halt at any or every station en route. My companion and I had intended making our way to S. Valéry-en-Caux directly after reaching Dieppe. We changed our plans and elected to stay the night in Dieppe. It was the season; but Fortune favoured us when we reached the Hotel Normandie, which we had tried on another occasion, and we took the only vacant bedroom *au troisième*. Dinner put life into us, and we were re-assured by the friendly smile and greeting of the waitress. "Madame" was too much occupied with the cares of a full house to recognise us as previous clients, though I believe it dawned upon her later.

Sunday at Dieppe is very gay; in the morning we went to hear Mass, accompanied by the most beautiful orchestral music. In the afternoon everyone seems to walk or drive. Everything is so new and different from the melancholy form of many English Sundays, though the Continental is not *all* we could wish. On Monday we started for S. Valéry,

arriving about 6 p.m. at a picturesque little town. We had thought it would be quite a tiny seaside place. There were several hotels, and finally, after inspecting and various consultations, we fixed on "Providence." Rather a fusty bedroom was allotted us by one of the six daughters of the house, the other five seemed to do nothing but look on.

We had a horrid dinner. We wanted to see peasant life, and it is very rough, much more impossible here than cottage life in England. We retired early to our room, which overlooked the market square where there was a small theatre erected. After many prolonged and deafening beatings of a drum, a crowd collected and the performance began: the noise made sleep impossible till a late, or rather early hour, and we decided to change our hotel next morning. But we had certainly reckoned without our hostess, for her wrath at our removal was great, and her bill corresponded—15 francs for dinner and one bed.

At the Hotel de France we were most comfortable and moderately charged for four days—6fr. 50c. each, wine included, per diem.

S. Valéry, in spite of its casino, is a fascinating little corner of the coast, shut in by tall white falaises; the Caux is kept within bounds by gates which were opened while we were there, and the backwaters allowed to rush into the sea—such a smell! There is a delightful walk along the cliffs to the old tower of S. Lèger, where in days gone by women and children walked three times round the big pillars to be cured of their various infirmities. There is also a fine Henri Quatre house on the side of the Caux; the pattern across the front is a conventional one, and has dropt in one or two places, so that one felt it needed putting straight. Of the Hospice only one cloister remains from the XVI. Century. The market place is picturesque, and there is an interesting old Church. We went on to Havre, through varied country, wooded in places, with here and there large areas given up to the cultivation of cereals. One noticed here as elsewhere the women working in the fields and doing equal labour with the men. The flowers were very much the same as English ones—vetches, deadly nightshade, toadflax, and all varieties of convolvulus, last, but not least, a profusion of scabius. We had written to the Chaplain to enquire suitable hotels, but receiving no reply, we had to explore for ourselves, only

to turn our backs on one ruinous price after another, till finally we had to stay one night at the Tortoni for 16fr.! We had a musical dinner, and a very pretty outlook on the harbour with numerous yachts all brilliantly lighted. So far so good! Next morning we started for Honfleur by boat. Sundry warnings had started my day in discomfort, and by evening I was in a strange hotel completely *hors de combat*, and interviewing *monsieur le docteur*, who said I was poisoned by crevettes eaten at Havre the previous day. Starved and physicked for two days, I felt pretty much at the end of things, and it was five days before I began to mend.

We stayed in a delightful hotel, once an old mansion, by name "du Dauphin."

Honfleur has many old streets and houses, also a quaint market place. The Cathedral of S. Léonard is beautiful—really fine stained glass, and a lovely old stone carved doorway—the interior far less tawdry than usual. The Church of S. Catherine is in the market place, and has its tower separate; while S. Etienne is now a museum.

Villers-sur-Mer reminds one of Arcachon—nothing but new villas, hotels, and a casino. The Church is one of the finest specimens of the beauty of modern architecture. Sunday was the fête of La Sainte Enfance. All the ceremony we saw was a little altar enshrined with pots of asters, which surrounded a statute of the Infant Christ. There was a procession of children with crowns of white flowers on their heads and carrying two large white wreaths. Sunday afternoon we sat with books on the sand, but entertainment and distraction was supplied by a young man essaying to "paddle his own canoe." He waded out carrying it on his shoulder, then placing it in the water he spent nearly two hours climbing in one side only to fall out the other, after a frantic attempt to balance for a second or two.

The next day we went on to Dives and Cabourg. We had *dejeuner* at a nice little wayside inn, memorable ever after for our conversation with the garçon. We were in search of various antiquities, and knew where to find most of them. When I enquired for the house said to have been inhabited by Madame de Sevigny, the garçon retired to ascertain, and returned solemnly to announce, "Madame de Sevigny est morte depuis plusieurs années!"

We saw the most delightful hostellerie of William the

Conqueror, and could not make up our minds how much of the interior had been touched up. The charges were exorbitant, 2fr. for a cup. of chocolate.

From Dives to Caen the country is laden with orchards, fields and fields of apple trees, weighed down with fruit of all shades of colour from pale yellow to deep carmine.

Caen is the city of large Churches—two beautiful Abbayes built by William I. and Matilda being the finest. The streets remind one of Rouen or Bordeaux—the ping, ping of electric trams and the constant and varied cries of the street hawkers. The otherwise dingy streets are gay with the red trousers of the numbers of soldiers. Of the things to be seen one could easily write a book—but this is to be a *resumé* of our tour.

Bayeux is a quaint old cathedral city, sleepy and behind the times, like so many of our English ones. The cathedral itself is a fine building with a gothic front—an old crypt—the paintings are poor, and the high altar was wrapped in red coverings. There is a beautiful bronze statue to Alain Chartier in the Central Square. Close by is the public library, where, for the fee of “generosity,” as the curator named his price, one can see the famous tapestry. The work is not quite a yard deep and a tremendous length, portraying much more than the bare conquest of England. There is the promise of Edward to William, where the former’s expression hardly confirms the epithet “Confessor,” the death of the same and burial, followed by many details of the fitting out and starting of Duke William’s expedition. Then the offering of the keys of the city (London?) to William by the Duke de Bretonne, and many more side issues of wonderful work and colouring. Napoleon is said to have had the tapestry carried round from town to town and exhibited to incite the French to an English invasion. One wonders how it stood the wear and tear for to all appearances it seems perfect. The work is done in coarse wools on white linen, and the scenes are bordered with a series of grotesque and wonderful animals.

(To be concluded.)

FORTITUDE.

Within her tower where seek Fortitude?
Do all her stony walls ring her from harm,
Secure from entrance of that enemy,
Who sweeps unchecked the wide surrounding plain?
Enter and seek for her. You find her not
In the cool shades which the deep dungeons make;
These guard no prisoners, only a deep well
Brimming and placid; not a single tear
Has turned its waters salt by falling there
In endless circles, which would stir the world.
Mount higher to the chambers, girdled safe
With walls, so thick that you should feel no change
When winter frosts or summer sunbeams crept
Towards the narrow windows deeply sunk.
These haunts are empty too; kept bare for those
Hard worsted in the battle sore without,
Who need a breathing place to staunch their wounds.
Some die there, aiming true against the foe
One quivering arrow with their latest sigh.
Not here, but on the roof—clear 'gainst the sky
Her lonely figure stands; a fitting mark
For such below as deem their eye is sure.
Unmoved stands Fortitude, and turns her gaze
Where she may see the battle's ebb and flow,
Can hear the taunts, the cries, the agonies,
Can note the sunlight glinting on fresh spears,
Which couched at morning shall be snapped ere night.
She doth not raise her voice, nor call to them
Who struggle—God knows why and God knows how.
Her eye lights up no wit if Truth or Wrong
Dashing the other to the ground in pride
Look for a glance as guerdon and reward.
She stands for aye—foreseeing that far time
When there shall be no battle, but a road
Shall pass beneath her tower, fair and white,
A broad and beaten highway to all good,
By which shall travel daily 'cross the plain,
Those multitudes and multitudes of men
For whom she stands and waits with steady eyes,
All unafraid—because she sees and knows.